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THE NEW FESTINO SONG BOOK

And YOUNG MEN and MAIDS DELIGHT,

Or, The MERRY SONGSTER's COMPANION;

CONTAINING

Gramachree Molly.
The Unfortunate Maiden.
Jemmy over the Main.
Myrtilla.
The Vallant Sailors.
The Sailor's Happy Return.
The Happy Couple.
A Favourite Hunting Song.
Dialogue between a brisk young Farmer and a handsome young Woman.
The Jolly Brisk Fellow.
Johnny and Molly.
The Dusky Night.
William's Love to his Mistress.
The Constant Couple.

Printed at the Printing-Office, No. 46, Cow Croft,
Where the Printing Business is Neatly and Expeditiously performed.

Gramachree Molly.

AS down on Banna's banks I
strayd
One evening in May,
The little birds in blythest notes,
Amid the vocal quire, strove;
Thro' sang their little tales of love,
Thro' sung them o'er and o'er,
Ah Gramachree ma Chollenoege,
My Molly alstore.
The daisy pied and all the forests,
The dawn of nature yields
The primrose pale the violet blue
Lay scatter'd o'er the field;
Such fragrance in the bosom lyes,
Of her who I adore,
Ah Gramachree &c.

I laid me down upon a bank,
Bewailing my sad fate;
That doom'd me thus the slave of love,
And cruel Molly's hate;
Her cruel eyes break the honest heart,
That warms her in its core.
Ah Gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me Molly dear
Ah! why did I believe.
Yet who could think such tender words
Were meant but to deceive
That love was all I ask on earth
Nay heaven could give no more,
Ah Gramachree, &c

You had all the flocks that graze
On yonder yellow hill
Or lov'd for me the murmurous herds;
That on green pasture fill
Yet had I love I'd gladly share,
My time and fleecy store,
Ah Gramachree, &c.

The turtle doves above my head,
Sat courting on a bough.
I envied them their happiness,
To see them bill and coo;
Such fondness once for me she shew'd,
But now alas! 'tis o'er,
Ah Gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well my Molly dear,
Thy loss I e'er shall mourn,
Whilst life remains in Strephon's breast
'Twill beat for thee alone.
Tho' thou art false, may heav'n on thee,
Its choicest blessings pour,
Ah Gramaoeree, &c.

The Unfortunate Maiden.

TWAS when the seas were roaring,
With hollow blast of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd,
Wide o'er the roaring billows,
She cast a wishful look,
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious days,
Why did thou venture lover,
Why didst thou cross the seas?
Cease, cease thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest;
Ah! what's thy troubled motion,
To that within my breast.

The merchant rob'd of treasure
Views tempest in despair
But what's the loss of treasure,
To the losing of my dear?

Should you some coast be laid on
Where gold and diamonds grow
You may find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.
How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain
Why then beneath the water,
Do hideous rocks remain
No eyes those rocks discover
That's sunk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover
And leave the maid to weep.
Oh Neptune! Neptune! Neptune!
Why was not then so cross,
As to agree with fortune,
In this my woeful loss;
Why didst not send thy Triton,
To check the boistrous waves
That him whom I so doat on,
Might find successful days.
All melancholly lying,
She grieved for her dear
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear;
When o'er the wide waves stooping
His floating corps she spy'd,
Then like a lilly drooping
She bow'd her head and dy'd.

A New Song.

MY Jemmy is crossed quite over the main,
And I fear I shall never behold him again
Ye powers above grant me but his charms,
And send my Jemmy safe into my arms.
Ye pretty little warblers, that sing thro' the grove,
Convey me this letter to the hands of my love.

To
I'm possess
I'm weary of
no rest.
It's down in yonder
him a cave,
The sweetest of flow
shall have
With pinks and flowers
him a bed,
And a garland of Roses to
Jemmy's head
All this I'll go through for my
Jemmy's sake,
I'll be guardian unto him till he
awake
When day light appears, we will
merrily sing,
Here's a health to young Jemmy, and
long live the king.

Myrtilla.

YE blooming virgins have you seen,
My fair Myrtilla pass the green,
To Rose or Jessamin bowery
Where does she seek the honeysuckle shade
For sure you know the blooming maid
Sweet as the new blown flowers.

Her cheeks are like the blooming rose,
Join'd with the lily in it grows
Where each alike surveys the face
Like the bright dew drops in the morning
When Phœbus gilds a flower shown
Health sparkling in her eyes.

Her song is like the linnets lay
That warbles sweetly in the spray
To hail the vernal beam.
Her heart is blyther than her song
Her passion gently move along
Like the smooth gliding stream.

[illegible] England,
[illegible] live at ease,
[illegible] upon,
[illegible] of the seas,
[illegible] the mariners,
[illegible] shall plainly know,
[illegible] the fears.
[illegible] sounds do blow.

[illegible] that will be seamen,
[illegible] bear a valiant heart,
[illegible] when you come upon the seas,
[illegible] must not think to start,
[illegible] yet to be fainthearted,
[illegible] hail, rain, blow, or snow,
Never to think for to shrink,
[illegible] when the stormy winds do blow.

When enemies do oppose us,
[illegible] England is at wars,
[illegible] with our foreign nations,
We fear no kind of fears;
Our daring plans shall reach us,
Our valour for to shew,
And we stand on the head,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Sometimes in Neptune's bosom,
Our ship is tost to and fro,
Expecting every moment,
The sea to be our graves;
Then up again for mountain,
And down again so low,
With the waves on the sand,
[illegible] the stormy winds do blow,

But when we do come home,
And take our wages for our pains,
The taylors and the mistress,
They help to share the gains,
We call for liquors freely boys,
And pay before we go,
Then out roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow.

The Sailor's Happy Return To his True Love Nancy.

A New Song.

AS pretty Nancy sat reflecting.
In absence of her father bold,
Never came to her direction,
He was served in Plymouth Sound
Her heart it beat, her breath it fail'd,
And when that she had it unseal'd,
Ten thousand times she kiss'd it.

She scarce took time to read it over,
Before she put it in her breast,
To haste to meet her own lover,
In rich attire she was drest!
She on the beach like Hebe stood,
Her voice it soon alarm'd the crew,
On board of the Defiance.

He knew his cue, she waved her hand,
And like a goddess she did stand,
All ready to receive him;
He said, Now boys, come row me briskly,
And land me on the long'd-for shore,
Where my true Love stands deck'd so richly.

It's for I crave and nothing more
Before she that the shore could reach,
He nimbly leaped out on the beach,
Into the arms of Nancy.

He says the French I have defeated,
And I have brought you store of gold,
And taking the gold out by handfuls,
'Twas pleasant to behold.
Pray tell me not of your gold or store,
It's you I crave and nothing more:
For in you lies all my pleasure.
With a mutual kiss to church they went
And now they live in sweet content,
Married they were together.

The Happy COUPLE.

A new SONG.

SWeet William came to pretty Nancy,
Who was blest with beauty bright
Saying my dear you are my fancy.
You are my joy and heart's delight
I am going to plow the ocean,
To bring home gold and silver store
I will not tarry, but you I'll marry
When I return to the English shore.

Dearest dear, if you'll believe me,
You are my first and only love,
If thou wilt prove true and loyal,
You'll find me like the turtle dove:
Both true and loyal without doubt,
I mean to love you for evermore
I'll never leave you nor deceive you
But rejoice when you come on shore.

My dearest dear I must be going,
The captain calls I dare not stay
The wind is blowing the sea is flowing,
Strait to the ship I must away
Let this be taken as a token,
That I mean to love you for evermore
I will not tarry but you I'll marry
When I return to England's shore.

The first that woo'd he was a Taylor
He offer'd her a purse of gold,
She said it ne'er should be reported
That her contlent heart was sold
Begone you Taylor I love a Sailor,
To whom I did my promise give
Ne'er will leave him nor deceive him
The longest day I have to live.

When fort[une]
better,
From th[is] long
From him she did rece[ive]
Desiring her then not
Saying my dear I am co[me]
With gold and silver
Dove to crown,
I will not tarry, but you I'll
And live together in
Town.

A Favourite Hunting Song.

HARK! hark! the joy inspiring horn
Salutes the rosy rising morn,
And echoes through the dale,
And echoes through the dale,
With clam'rous peals the hills resound
The hounds quick scenting scow'r the ground
And snuff the fragrant gale,
And snuff the fragrant gale.

No gates nor hedges can impede
The brisk high metl'd starting steed,
The jovial pack pursue?
Like lightning darting o'er the plains,
The distant hills with speed he gains,
And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes.
And to the copse for shelter makes,
There pants a while for breath,
When now the noise alarms her ear
Her haunt's descry'd her fate is near
She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well known breeze,
The hounds their trembling victim seize,
She faints, she falls, she dies.
The distant coursers now come in,
And join th loud triumphant din,
Till echo rends the skies.

...m a brisk Young
...d a beauti ul Young
WOMAN.
...k'd forth one Morning
fair
... the Fields and take the air
... a young Farmer al alone
to his Sweet art was making
Moan.
... said, my Dear Beauty bright
...n you I've fix'd my whole Deligh
What you say Farmer it may be true
But my Answer is I'll have none of
you
My dearest Love I will you deck
With a Chain of Gold about your
Neck
But she took huff and away she flew
And her Answer was I'll have none
of you
Now this young Farmer no more
could say
So took his Leave for to march away
O stay young Farmer I will love
But his answer was I'll have none
of you.
He said my Dear I'll tell you plain
My Suit and Proffer you do disdain
When your love I crav'd you did
not deny,
Do you think I'll marry you, No.
Now this Maid has her Senses lost
For she has oftentimes in love been
cross'd
And now she lives in Torment and
Woe,
And rues the Time she e'er did so.

The Jolly Brisk Fellow.

I Am a jolly Brisk fellow,
Delight in all manner of sport
And when I'm in liquor I'm mellow
The girls I do honestly court;
But love has surrounded my passio
And put such thoughts in m
head,
Is this not a very sad story.
That love should strike a man
dead.
I have been in stormy weather,
I have been in heat and cold,
I've been with fellows that ventur'd
Their lives boys for money and
gold;
But now the wars they are over,
And I am safe moor'd on the shore
The de'il may have me for ever,
If e'er I weigh anchor any more,
Here's to the girl that will love me
And lie with me me every night
That will frisk it away with a fiddle
A country dance or hornpipe,
Let the weakest not go with the
strongest
But let them be equally yok'd
For the strongest may last out the
longest
Here's a jacket that values no
strokes,
Here's to my friends and acquaintanc
Whan death upon me does co
Let them behave in their station,
And send me a cask of good rum
Let it be good royal stingo,
With full three barrels of beer
To make my friends the more
welcome,
To meet me at Tarry down fai
I'll have none but Sailors to carry me
Let them be all d——ble drunk
And as they go on for to bury me
May they fall down with my trunk
Let their be no sighing and sobbing
But one single favour I crave,

Take me up in my taupaulin Jacket
And fiddle and dance to my grave,
Here's to the youth on the throne
And send him long for to reign,
And likewise to Admiral Hawke,
And every true heart on the main
Come tip us the other can boys,
Of liquour we have greet store;
The De'il may have me for ever:
If e'er I weigh anchor any more

Johnny and Molly.

HARK! hark the wars calls me away,
My dearest dear I cannot stay,
For I am going to fight proud Spain,
Altho' I leave you, altho' I leave you
Altho' I leave you, love don't complain.

O dearest Johnny, say not so,
I ne'er can yield to let you go,
For if in the wars you should be slain,
I shall never, no, no, never,
Never shall see my dear Jewel again
Take me on board, my dear, said she,
And well contented I will be,
No storms nor dangers will I fear,
I will venture, boldly venture,
In strong battles with you, my dear.
Amorous Molly, Charmer fair,
To hear you talk I can't forbear,
Women in wars will frighted be,
I am in hope love, I am in hope love.
For to return in all joy to thee.
When the war is over, and all's at Peace
hope our joys they will increase,
Then I will return to my turtle dove,
And in sweet pleasure our days we'll spend
Telling sweet pratling tales of love.

The Dusky Night.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn,
The hounds all make a jovial cry,
The huntsman winds his horn.
Then a hunting let us go, &c.

The wife around her husband throws,
Her arms to make him stay,
My dear, it hails, it rains, it blows,
You cannot hunt to day.
But a hunting we will go, &c.

The uncavern'd fox like light'ning flies,
His cunning's all awake,
To gain the race he eager tries,
His forfeit life the stake.
When a hunting we do go, &c.

Arous'd e'en echoe hunters turns,
And madly shouts her joy,
The sportsman's breast enrapture'd burns,
The chace can never cloy,
Then a hunting we will go &c.

Despairing mark, he seeks the tide,
His art must now prevail,
Hark! shouts the miscreant's death betide,
His speed, his cunning fail.
When a hunting we do go, &c.

For, lo! his strength to fainness worn,
The hounds arrest his flight, I turn,
Then hungary homewards we repair
To feast away the night.
Then a hunting we will go, &c.

WILLIAM's Love to his MISTRESS.

THE sweet Rose that grows on the Tice
Is not so sweet as my Love
For Polly is the Girl that I adore
And I prize her by all that's above.
Was I along with dear Polly
O then I should think myself bless'd
But without her I'm always uneasy
She deprives me of all my sweet rest
Her Cheeks are like to Roses,
Her Eye are as black as the Sloe
Her Teeth are as white as the Ivory
And her breath smells sweet as her Vine
Was I along with dear Polly
O then I should think myself bless'd,
But without her I'm always uneasy
She deprives me of all my sweet rest
Then a Letter I'll sent to my mistress
My Master was killed Abroad
She wrung her hands and she cried
May the heavens above be my guide
Since it is so I'll have Billy
The Man whom I do adore,
Then I hope to receive him
When he is safe landed on Shore
Return to my arms my dear Billy,
I love you as dear as my Life
And if ever I am married,
I will be sweet William's Wife
Then strait to the Church let us go,
There to lay all Grief aside,
Now sweet William is married
And has made his Mistress his Bride

The Constant COUPLE.

A Favourite New Song.

LAST may day I rambl'd the meadow along, [sing'd her song,
To hear the sweet linnet and gold- When just by the close-shaded jessamine grove, [dess of love.
Met with young Phillis, the God- Transported I kiss'd her, she gave me a smile, [tarry awhile
So I ask'd the dear nymph if she'd Oh! no she replied, therefore leave me I pray. [to stay.
For her 'tis unsafe with a shepherd
Dear Phillis I cry'd, don't refuse my request, [you love best,
Of all nymphs in the village, 'tis Then why be afraid with your shepherd to go, [answer'd No, No,
So the jessamine grove, still she You men are deceivers, and apt to ensnare, [to beware,
And my mother oft told me of men No longer persuade me, pursue your own way [herd to stray.
But here 'tis unsafe with the shep-
Lord bless me! cry'd, you're of late grown a prude [tempt to be rude
Do you think my dear girl I'd at- 'Tis the season of love, to the grove let's along, [sing you a song,
Where I'll tell you a tale, and I'll Prithee Damon she cry'd, don't attempt to persuade [nocent maid
Or by cunning beguile a poor in- The groves may have charms, now the season is gay [herd to stay
But here 'tis unfair with the shep-
Well pleas'd with her virtue, I tenderly cry'd, [you my bride,
Have nothing to fear, for I'll make For long I've beheld you the girl to my mind, [Phillis be kind
Then to church let us go, so my My tale, O ye fair, is a lesson for you, [the swain true,
'Tis marriage alone that will prove If before to the grove you're too easily won, [maiden's undone.
The swain may be false, then the